

PUNKASFUCKPUNK<sup>7</sup>

EMMY  
You are the em  
CALL for a fag

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eyes, and sand  
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A cov  
Andy's ser  
spoke. "A  
eh? So  
black

PUNKAS

what  
dildo  
with -  
hand.  
her - he

Define "

**TIME**  
**MA**  
ANY TO  
ANY BO

QUEER TERRORIST /  
QUEER TAPETTE (#4)

deal with that biphobia thing

PUNKASFUCK

"What's it like to be gay?" Walter asked. "If that's what I'm going to be, I should be prepared."

"It's excellent training for secret agents. You know, working up a cover and sticking to it so you're never caught being who you really are. I don't know. Plenty of guys don't bother with a cover and take on a lot of silly mannerisms. I've never seen why I should go around saying 'Get you, Mary' just because I like to suck cock. With us—well, we'll see.

"You're famous, and I'm getting near the top of my fuckin' tree, going to attract attention. It scares me because I'm not able to take it, but I'm sure I'm gonna make it. Maybe she wasn't cover with you. Naturally, I'm gonna cover with John."

I love it  
anti-homosexuality  
at a hard-core  
y had to  
when gay  
but wouldn't  
in a dress

they're up there it  
I don't show the  
less I love it  
anti-sexist show  
hardcore.

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they're a ha...  
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QT  
C.P. 423.  
SUCCURSALE C  
MONTREAL,  
QUEBEC  
H2L 4K3  
CANADA.

SFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNK

**MIX  
MATCH**  
ANY TOP WITH  
ANY BOTTOM.

# CONTENTS

(IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER)

\* FAG HAGS FIGHT BACK!!!

THEY'RE FUN THEY'RE WELL-DRESSED, THEY'RE ANGRY,  
AND THEY'RE ORGANIZED!!! FAG HAGS SPEAK OUT - A QOT EXCLUSIVE!

\* 90210

IT'S QUEER-ER THAN YOU THINK!!  
5" SPIKE HEELS, LOVE TRIANGLES, + MORE!!!

\* trying to get in on the death machine

AN OPEN LETTER TO CIVIL-RIGHTS LESBIANS + GAYS WHO  
WANT "IN" THE MILITARY. WE HOPE IT PISSES YOU OFF,  
'COS YOU SURE BUG THE HELL OUT OF US.

\* UNTITLED SMUT!!

UNTITLED SMUT!!

— "You look so fucking vulnerable like that - you look so fuckable like that." "So fuck me." she pleaded.

WHAT WOULD QT BE WITHOUT SOME PORN?!?  
THIS IS IT, IT'S THE GLAMOUR + EXCITEMENT  
OF A FEMME IN A BLACK LEATHER JACKET,  
BUT IS IT A GIRL FEMME, A BOY FEMME, OR  
A TRANNIE FEMME? YOU MAY THINK WE'RE  
HET, BI, AND/OR QUEER, BUT ONE THING'S  
FOR SURE - THIS STORY IS NOT GAY!



## AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CREATORS OF THE AMAZING COMIC

"HOTHEAD PAISAN      HOMICIDAL      LESBIAN      TERRORIST"

PUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASF  
SFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPU  
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SFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKPU

THINGS I LOVE ABOUT PUNK CULTURE. FROM A DRAG QUEEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

\* DEEPER AND DEEPER - a different take on popular culture!

कादादादादादादादादादा दा दादादादा

THANK!!

JAC, Cathy, Mike P., Charlie's Angels, 90210 addicts everywhere, Stevee, Bimbox boys, Jena von Brucker, G.B. Jones, Hothead Paisan, S.M.A.C.K.S., Trannie Alley, all swinging bisexuals, fag hags and their fabulous wardrobes, any and all of you out there who do your utmost to spell the demise of clone fag culture...

QT  
C.P.423  
Succursale C  
Montreal  
Quebec H2L

So i'm in this club in Vancouver, it's usually a boy's club , denim and leather kinda thing, and once a week it's "ladies" night, where i decided to go and dance around a little, be goofy, ya know? i go in and leave my coat the uptight doorgal, yes she's wearing the leather cap and pants, she doesn't smile, tries to look tough, in those boots that she probably doesn't know how to use. Oh, it's just soooooo alternative and underground to wear docs, you must feel hipper than me in my third time hand-me-downs, i bet. i build my energy and watch the gang of techno lesbians in their designer madonna wanna-be suits, while i dance like the obnoxious girly-girl brat that i am, laughing. Well, let me say that i soon got my real reason to laugh. i went to the bar, got a juice and sat down to watch the spectacle. This thirtysomething leather dyke walks up to me, gives me this predatorial look like she's been "watching" me. She's very uninterestingly butch looking, with a Marlboro man walk. As she comes closer to me, she says "Hi. Are you anyone's slave?"-----What the \*\$§!?!?----i feel like i should be in some bad lesbian novel. i was just so taken silly i couldn't answer her, staring like i'm from a different planet. Maybe you should have asked me my name to begin with, cow-hide brain. But the best was yet to come. She pulls out her thick suburban wallet, and gives me her card, like a yuppie business card, with her name and FAX number on it, accompanied by small ugly roses, i guess for that feminine touch. See, the card actually says :

DILLON

leather dyke on a bike

"riding free and easy"

Good thing she labelled herself, i would have never guessed, since i must look like a baby dyke or something young and unexperienced. She went and talked to a friend, also from the rich burbs, and they rode off on their shiny new hogs, going <sup>to</sup> their lovely home, going to bed listening to Melissa Ethridge and masturbating to an image of a snotty franco girl. Maybe once they realise that you can't be radical just by throwing on a cow hide, i will shom them my smash ~~the~~ the state anarchist membership card and then we'll talk.

JAC-



# FAG HAGS FIGHT BACK!!!

We are fed up with the treatment we receive in gay male, lesbian, and straight societies. We are angry, proud, sexual beings, and we claim our fag hag identity as an integral part of our emotional make-up.

But you - you, the clone fags who only use us to dangle off your arms, you the lesbians who see us as traitors, you the liberal straights who think that we're so "fun" - you have all become the prime focus of our terrorist attacks in the fag hag revolution.

We will not be content until every fag hag, all over the world, from all class, race, and sex backgrounds, with sexual orientations of all kinds, feels free enough to be herself. We work for the day when fag hags can be open about their identity, when we can wear lipstick without fear of reprimand, when we too can be in the army! And so, we address our common enemies directly.

openly gay identities  
openly gay identities  
openly gay identities  
openly gay identities  
openly gay identities

but really they love you.

To clone fags everywhere, we have the following to say: Do not assume that we will always be here to accompany you to office cocktail parties so that you can get that coveted promotion and bury yourself deeper in the closet. Do not think that we will always offer our superlative fashion advice and aesthetic consultation free of charge. Do not assume that we always want to sleep with you. Many of us have, as you well know, and we are obliged to tell the truth: YOU KNOW NOTHING OF WOMEN'S BODIES. YOU - LIKE MOST MEN - ARE ONLY CONCERNED WITH YOUR OWN ORGASM. YOU CANNOT DEAL WITH THE REALITIES OF FEMALE EJACULATION. YOU ARE BAD IN BED. We do not actively try to seduce you, and we realize that when you sleep with a fag hag, it is only because you see us as "not really heterosexual". Your actions, then, reflect your own fear of bisexuality. We say: come out, be bi, deal with it. God knows we had to. Harsh words, but it had to be said. Maybe now you will begin to treat us with the respect and dignity we deserve.

When I was a self hating fag-hag, my life it was ~~hell~~! But now it's better than ever!! BE PROUD! COME OUT! FAG HAG POWER!!

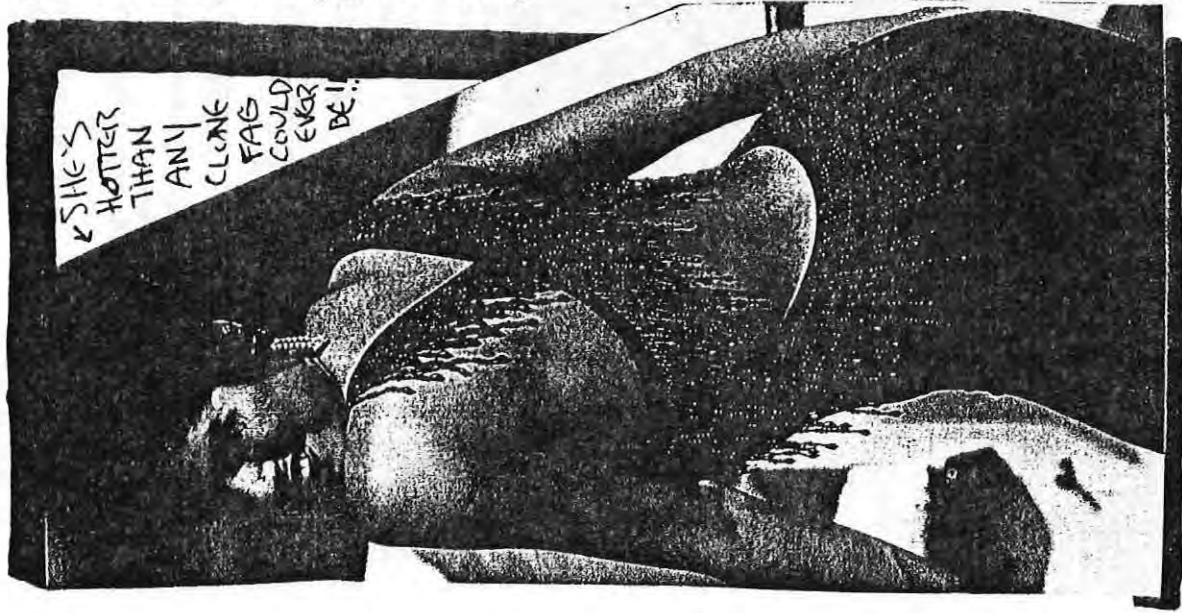


say: To lesbian-feminists everywhere, we have the following to "female impersonators", you who regularly spew lipstick- and wig-phobia, you consistently refuse to acknowledge the diversity of women's experiences and identifications. Do not call us traitors, but rather understand the field of our battlegrounds: the misogyny of gay male culture, in the midst of woman-hating men. Instead of attacking us as "male-identified", try supporting our choice to work from within this oppressive structure. All our lives we have felt to be fag hags - like your

fuck off  
fuck off  
fuck off  
fuck off

what a fucked up thing

lesbianism, it is innate in us. A fag hag's hypothalamus is six times as large as the average lesbian's. And when we sleep with clone fags, and you get upset, we know that you, too, hate any public displays of bisexuality. Your narrow feminist theory and rigid politics cannot allow for boys and girls who fuck and claim to be queer-identified. Like gay men, you too refuse to deal with bi's. We know you want to fuck us, and that you want us to fuck you. But we say: until you deal with your biphobia, you ain't getting one little bit of lovin' from us. It's not that we don't do lesbians - some of us, after all, ARE lesbians - it's that we won't do lesbians whose politics exclude bisexuals. Deal with it.



To straights (of all sexual persuasions), we have the following to say: You are perhaps the stupidest of our enemies. You think that because we wear lipstick we are "traditional" women. You think that our interest in gay culture, politics, and social space is merely a passing phase. You think that sooner or later, we too will end up in the suburbs. You think that we are unaware of your thoughts on the matter. You think that our sole purpose in life is to be in clubs looking "fun". Let us be clear: we hang around gay men because straight men are so arrogant, egoistic, and self-indulgent that we can barely breathe. And although we lament that many gay men share these qualities, we also understand that when we sleep with them, we teach them a little bit more about women's bodies - and hence their own. You, straight man, are beyond hope, and we cease putting our energies into such a lost cause. Straight women, you fare little better - at times we want to fuck you, but then we know from experience that every time we do, you worry about what your boyfriend will think, you worry whether or not you're a lesbian. And so, straight people, you too exhibit a hatred and distrust of fag hags because you cannot deal with our blurring of boundaries, communities, sexualities. Like lesbians and gay men, you too are biphobic. We will not sleep with you until you recognize this fact, and do something to change it. Straights: deal with that biphobia thing.

We are perhaps one of the most persecuted and forgotten minorities with the gay and lesbian communities. When will there be a March on Washington for fag hag liberation?!? We will continue to wear our bright red lipstick, we will continue to dress with those fabulous fashion accessories, we will continue to gyrate around our purses on the dance floor, we will continue to run to the washroom each half hour to check our make-up. But dear, dear, non-fag hag reader, let us be perfectly blunt. We shall do so in an effort to attract each other. We do so to pick up groovy swinging bisexuals, and we want nothing to do with your

monosexual madness. It may have taken us awhile, but we have finally figured it out: you keep us fag hags around so you can deny your own bisexualities. We have had it, and call for all progressive fag hags to induce a moratorium on sleeping with lesbians, gay men, and straights.

We call for a fag hag separatist movement, where we sleep with each other and groovy bisexuals. Fag hags and bi's - the newest, hippest, funnest coalition ever to emerge! Deal with it!!!

Take your openly lesbian and gay identities, fuck off, and die.  
Take your openly lesbian and gay identities, fuck off, and die.  
Take your openly lesbian and gay identities, fuck off, and die.  
Take your openly lesbian and gay identities, fuck off, and die.

## FOCUS

The Globe and Mail, Saturday, February 15, 1992

### OF BONDAGE AND BRITAIN

BY CARL HONORE  
SPECIAL TO THE GLOBE AND MAIL  
LONDON

## Politics and the prostitute

*The madam of a London brothel is fed up with the cold shoulder she's been getting from her MP clients. So she's formed the Corrective Party to punish them for their disregard*

WITH Margaret Thatcher out of the picture, the so-called "grey men in suits" are in the ascendancy at Westminster Parliament. From her West London brothel, Corrective Party Leader Lindi St. Clair is courting a British electorate bored by its political rulers.

Wearing a black velvet dressing-gown and moccasins, Britain's most politicized madam reclines in a high-backed office chair. Upstairs, the Corrective Party headquarters are being renovated; a table beside her is strewn with invoices and bills. Ms. St. Clair is waiting for her girls to clock in for the night shift.

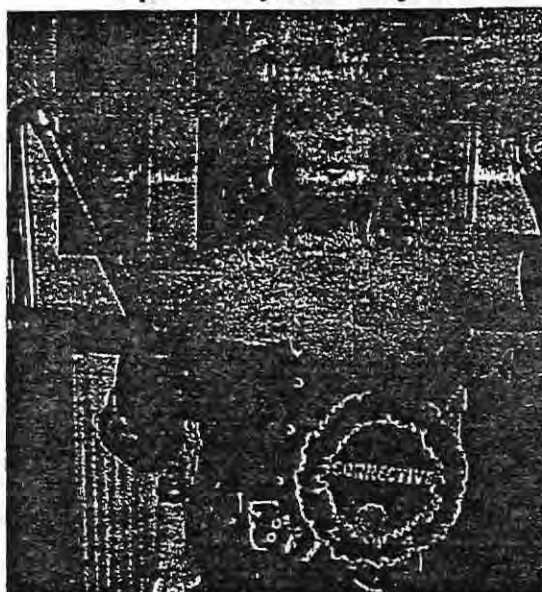
Now in her thirties, she has been a prostitute and brothel-keeper for nearly 20 years. She started out in an up-market bordello, where she made friends with well-heeled clients who, until recently, flew her around the world for her services. By the 1980s, she was specializing in sadomasochism: Two "dungeons" kitted out with leather, whips, rubber boots and chains were installed in this Earl's Court flat and before long she found herself working 14-hour days. MPs, judges and businessmen queued up to see the woman the tabloids dubbed Miss Whiplash.

Today, Ms. St. Clair has "whips" of a different sort on her mind. Mostly, she leaves brothel work to her acolytes: "If a client comes along, I'll do him, but I've got all my time taken up with politics."

TO Lindi St. Clair, politics is a crusade. After addressing a House of Lords debate on prostitution in 1970, she began a long and lonely campaign to have prostitution legalized and recognized under the Health and Safety Act. Even the MPs who patronized her brothel were reluctant to lend a hand. So Ms. St. Clair founded the Corrective Party in 1989: "The government was concentrating on silly laws like pit-bulls and seat belts and ignoring the fact that prostitutes were being butchered or getting and spreading AIDS. I thought that having our own party would give us a voice."

Already the Corrective Party numbers 8,000 paying members and 78 parliamentary candidates. Who are they? Ms. St. Clair is quick to shoot down any prurient pigeon-holing: "The media puts out this nonsense that only prostitutes and kinky clients join up. That's a total lie. We have everyone from teachers and nurses to professors and naval officers."

Holding up a list of 50 policies, she insists that this is more than a one-issue proposition. But is it? After all, the Corrective Party did rise from the ashes of Ms. St. Clair's thwarted campaign for legalized prostitution. What's more, much of her catch-all manifesto has about it the glib ring of afterthought: Cancel Third World debts, ban vivisection, tax the



Ms. Lindi St. Clair is known in the British press as Miss Whiplash. (BRITISH PRESS ASSOCIATION)

Queen, legalize cannabis, increase welfare benefits, and so on. Indeed, policies one through 10 are all sex-related.

Even as she lambastes the media for drawing attention to her private life, Ms. St. Clair is unhelpful on the issue that dominates the British political scene: Europe. She does nothing to clarify Policy 25, which calls for closer union with the continent. "We want European integration on the correct terms and that's all I have to say," she explains, rising to answer a knock at the brothel door.

An embarrassed middle-aged

man with a briefcase and trenchcoat is standing there. Ms. St. Clair tells him to come back in 45 minutes.

"My prostitution work has nothing at all to do with my political life. They don't cross over," she insists. Inescapably, though, the oldest profession is the one she knows best; it is also the biggest bee in her bonnet. Whereas the nuances of European politics silence her, prostitution makes Lindi St. Clair voluble: "I'm definitely uniquely qualified. I've talked to 130,000 clients and many thousands of prostitutes and everything

'My prostitution work has nothing at all to do with my political life. They don't cross over'

they've said is stockpiled in my memory. Obviously, unless you've been a prostitute, how the hell can you represent the problems?"

Her deeply cynical view of human nature is an article of faith: "I have learned that there is a big need of therapeutic treatment for men who are not sexually satisfied. Without sexual services, these men would be forced to rape or abuse their partners." She dreams of a Britain where pornography is freely available; small, discreet brothels operate as legitimate businesses; and the taboo against buying sex is a thing of the past.

So far, it seems that her men-gotta-have-it message is striking a modest chord in Britain. Last year, after a decade in the political wilderness, Ms. St. Clair was asked by a House of Commons committee to prepare a prostitution dossier for the Westminster library. Having contested nine by-elections, she feels that political reporters are also beginning to take her seriously. She only wins about 200 votes, but the exposure has earned her a spot on the lecture circuit. Things seem to be coming together and Ms. St. Clair is over the moon: "We've come a very long way in just two years. I believe that, in the next five years, prostitution will be legalized and that I will be elected as an MP. In fact, I'm going to place a bet on it at William Hill (the bookie)."

Even if she loses her money, Lindi St. Clair will make waves. Like her heroine, suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst, she is fortified by a messianic self-confidence: "We're not left, right or middle. We're simply in the space and all the others are wrong. We're going to smash through the hypocrisy and the prejudice."

Director Ken Russell is to film the Corrective Party's political broadcast for the upcoming election and Ms. St. Clair reckons it will be a vote-winner: "Everybody else lies to get back into power. I think when people see our radical message on TV, they'll see we're sincere, that we're fighting for the underdog."

She is also wising up to the sensibilities of the British electorate. Since appearing in her first by-election and twice in court (for tax evasion) dressed as Miss Whiplash, Ms. St. Clair has swapped the leather and whip for the kind of business suits favoured by female MPs. She has also purchased, for \$30,000, the title Lady of Laxton Manor, which appears on her driving licence and chequebook.

All the same, she has no plans to abandon the life that put her where she is. If certain MPs are squirming at the prospect of facing Lindi St. Clair in the House of Commons, then that's their business. For her part, she has nothing to hide. Apart from occasional bouts of tennis elbow developed during her heyday, she says prostitution has done her no harm: "I've had a very good time and I never regret or conceal anything I've done in my life."

Again, there is an impatient knock on the door. It's only been 20 minutes but the man with the briefcase is back. This time he is welcomed in and is ushered out. Lindi St. Clair is a busy woman.



anti-copyright 1988



• McTHIEF THE CRIME CAT

I WANT YOU KIDS TO GET OUT THERE AND STEAL. SO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND... OH YEAH-DON'T GET CAUGHT!

**CRIME-SHOPPERS TIP #27**  
IF YOU NOTICE SOMEONE SHOPLIFTING YOU CAN HELP THEM...  
OH MY GOD! LOOK AT THAT HUGE RAT!  
OR ISN'T THAT MICHAEL JACKSON OVER THERE?  
...BY CREATING A DIVERSION.

# SHOPLIFTING AND EMPLOYEE THEFT!

Y'KNOW, AS McTHIEF THE CRIME CAT I'M OFTEN ASKED TO SPEAK TO SCHOOL, CHURCH, AND COMMUNITY GROUPS. PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE QUESTIONS ABOUT "HOW-TO?" AND "WHERE?", BUT MOSTLY THEY ASK ME "WHY?". WELL...

## "SHOP-OWNERS TAKE EVERYBODY'S MONEY"



THAT'S \$12.37 SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE A BAG? HAVE A NICE DAY!

THE BUSINESS OF BUSINESS IS THEFT. EVERY CENT OF PROFIT that businesses make is stolen! they're playin' ya for a chump- so wise up. when you buy, they steal your money. when you work it's even worse- they steal your TIME, and then they give you a little bit of money, which someone else steals. Is dis a system? They've been robbing you blind all your life- now it's your turn to take a little bit back.

BUT DON'T SHOPLIFTERS MAKE PRICES HIGHER FOR EVERYONE ELSE?



SHOPLIFTERS DON'T CAUSE HIGH PRICES, BUSINESSES DO. BUSINESSES DON'T RAISE PRICES TO "COVER LOSSES" THEY DO IT TO PROTECT THEIR PROFITS.

ISN'T THAT KIND OF SIMPLISTIC? WHAT ABOUT NON-PROFIT BUSINESSES AND SMALL BUSINESSES THAT REALLY ARE LOSING MONEY?

POINT WELL TAKEN. IF A BUSINESS IS TRULY OWNED AND RUN BY THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE, AND THEY ARE ANTI-PROFIT, I SAY- DON'T RIP 'EM OFF! THEY'RE DOING WHAT THEY CAN. YA GOTTA USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BUSINESSES THAT DESERVE TO BE RIPPED OFF THE MOST, THE BIG ONES, ARE ALSO THE HARDEST TO STEAL FROM, (WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, LIKE SUPER-MARKETS). BUT EVERY SYSTEM HAS IT'S WEAKNESSES, AND IF YOU ARE INTERESTED ENOUGH, YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO EXPLOIT THOSE WEAKNESSES FOR YOUR OWN ILL-GOTTEN GAIN!

...WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF TIME.  
**SO REMEMBER**  
IT'S YOURS, TAKE IT. PROPERTY IS THEFT.  
A FEW TIPS:  
BE A COMPARISON THIEF- DIFFERENT STORES HAVE DIFFERENT SECURITY SET-UPS. CHECK 'EM OUT.  
NETWORK- YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT HOW MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ARE ALREADY DOING IT.  
ROB YOUR BOSS- WHEN YOUR PALS WANT YOU TO SHOPLIFT, YOU CAN SAY "NO THANKS, I TOOK AT THE OFFICE DISCRIMINATE- THINK ABOUT WHO YOU ARE STEALING FROM- RIP OFF THOSE WHO DESERVE IT."  
IT'S ESTIMATED THAT \$16 BILLION IN MERCHANDISE IS STOLEN ANNUALLY. IF WE ALL PITCH IN WE CAN DOUBLE THAT. SO BE CAREFUL, AND ENJOY! SEE YA AROUND.

**BAN POVERTY  
NOT PROSTITUTION**



PUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCK  
PUNKASFUCKPUNKAS



FUCKPUNKASFUCKPUNKASFUCKE

Andy marched up the stairs and bounded into the smoke-filled club. He was so excited - it wasn't everyday that My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult came to town, and he'd been psyched for weeks just thinking about it. The crowd seemed up for it - lots of leather, lace, some cool army boots. Gender-fuck was a particularly common theme that night - Andy had difficulty telling which sex lots of the people were. But he didn't really care, after all. His mother was right - he WAS a pervert. The most beautiful creature caught his eye - tall, slight, probably a boy, but then again????!! Andy loved it when he couldn't tell; it made bisexuality seem like the only viable option around. The creature smiled slightly, turned their head, and disappeared into the crowd.

The band took the stage, amid deafening applause. Andy danced for hours, it seemed like days - the mushrooms he had taken earlier had taken full effect, and he was in an altered state of bliss,

rapture, and frenetic psychedelic energy. After two or three encores - who could count? - the band exited, house lights came up a little. Andy basked in the afterglow of the concert - just feeling

\* the effects of the sound vibrations, the aura of pure, raw sexual energy. He found himself smiling. \*

\* The creature was back - Andy hadn't noticed the black leather jacket on him/her earlier. With the purple lights reflecting off of it, this vision was truly \*



a sexist rhetoric, a gendered world-view \*

enchanted. Andy looked directly in this person's eyes, and sang a line from Pansy Division, "He's a femme/ In a black leather jacket..."

A coy smile returned Andy's serenade. The vision spoke, "A Pansy Division fan, eh? So do you like femmes in black leather jackets?"

Andy's eyes lit up - he was elated inside, the vision had spoken, had even made a pass at him. But he better maintain his cool - at least for now. The vision, it turned out, was female.

\* "The issue isn't whether, to dismantle \* \* \*

or not I like femmes in black leather jackets," Andy retorted. "The issue is HOW I like to do them." His gaze held the woman's. She melted for a moment, just a fraction of a second, then regained composure. The verbal banter continued.

"And I bet you do them well. Any chance of my finding out tonight?"

This was one direct woman - Andy liked that. "If you play your cards right," He didn't want to promise anything just yet.

"And how exactly do I play?" she inquired.

"Well, there are lots of ways to play, but I'm sure you know that. Gotta play safe, though." Andy tossed a condom at her. She caught it in her left hand.

The club was emptying out. Equipment had been packed away, lights were on almost full now, smoke was wafting up towards the ceiling, playing in the lights. She said nothing, leaving him to fill the silence.

"Come on," he said, gesturing towards her and dashing quickly down the stairs. "Catch me and you get a prize!"

UNTITLED SMUT!!!

I fight against them

I have no respect for you.



# MI ST A K E N

# I D E N T I T Y

She didn't lose a beat, and raced off after him. He darted around an alley, coming to rest behind a rather disgusting trash compacter. Two punks scurried from behind it, scrounging for change as they darted out. She caught up to him, pushed him against

**RIGHT:** Vince, 26, T-Shirt printer and restaurant manager. "I had a crop about five years ago and liked the reactions I got so much that I shaved the lot off. Bald heads are very sexual - everybody wants to touch them and I don't mind that. What does piss me off is that some people assume that just because you're a skinhead you're fascist, violent and stupid. I used to go out with a black skinhead and that was great to watch people's reactions to that on the street - a couple of skins, both gay and one black. I chose the look because it's classic, practical, sexy and provokes a reaction. Oh, and it's easy to pick up."

the compacter's wall, and kissed him. She wasn't gentle, nor tender. She was hungry, demanding, desiring. She knew what she wanted, and she went for it.

Andy liked her - liked the constant struggle of power, the teasing, the come-and-go of it all. But still, something had to give. He gripped her wrists, spun her around so her face and chest pressed into the compacter, and leaned in behind her. He moved in slowly until his mouth was directly behind her ear.

"I like to do femmes in black leather jackets..." he began, "and I like it to hurt."

"Mmmmmmm," she sighed. He had her now.

"Is that what you like? Do you like to hurt?" Andy slapped her ass, dug his hands into her flesh.

"Um -hmmmm." It was all she could muster.

Andy released his grip, spun her around again. "Then follow me."

She would have been ready to follow him anywhere. It was fortunate that Andy's apartment was only a few short blocks away.

Once inside, their bodies drew close again. Their tongues explored each other's mouths, their hands grabbed greedily for each other's bodies. They wanted each other, and there was no sense in pretending otherwise. Andy drew the leather jacket down off of the woman's shoulders,

and left her immobilized, her arms caught in its toughness.

"You look so fucking vulnerable like that - you look so fuckable like that."

"So fuck me," she pleaded.

FOURSKINS + FORESKINS...



"I've been known to refuse to give people what they want. So now that I know you want to get fucked..."

"O.k. - cut the crap," she blurted out. "I mean, the flirting's fun and all, but just fucking FUCK ME, alright?!!!" This was one direct woman.

Andy moved in close to her, looking straight into her eyes. They were filled with desire. He grabbed her left nipple, twisted it, pulled it, contorted it into an unrecognizable form. She said nothing.

"So you want to get fucked, do you bitch? Femme in a black leather jacket?" He took out his knife and split open her shirt. It fell away to her sides, revealing her small, round breasts, her nipples erect. He trailed the knife across them, drawing patterns with the silver object, listening to her breath grow quick.

"This excites you, doesn't it? You like this, you pervert, don't you?"

She didn't have to answer. Her legs were beginning to give way underneath her. She looked in Andy's eyes desparately now - imploring him to fuck her brains out. The knife moved down to the crotch of her

When the right Rhythm got going, Andy could fuck someone silly and slowly build the pressure inside him all at the same time. He inserted his finger again, then two, then three. She was moaning loudly now, arching into his hand, begging to be ridden.

After rolling on a condom and slapping on some lube, Andy dove into this woman with the dildo. It was on the large side, and she winced when it first entered. But Andy knew she liked that pain. He waited for a moment so she could adjust.

"Is this what you wanted, bitch? Is this why you wore that black leather jacket? Is this the cock you wanted in you tonight?"

"Yes." It was all she could stammer. Andy slapped her ass, grabbed at her tits. He began to pump, to move

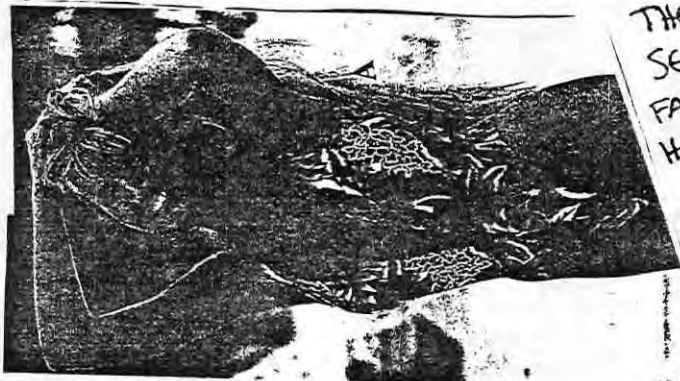
methodically in and out of her cunt. "You think you're pretty hot shit, eh. But I can see your game - you can barely talk now, you love to lose control like this, don't you?" He continued pawing her tits, her hands remain bound behind her back. "Open your eyes and see the marks on your body, my little femme in a black leather jacket."

"It's fabulous," she quipped. The latex rubbing inside her hole was making her very hot. "Does it come with a guarantee? Is it good for all kinds of play?"

That was the cue Andy had been waiting for. "Well, why don't we find out?" In a second, Andy pulled his dick out of her, threw her down on the ground, and mounted behind her. He re-inserted his cock from behind, leaned over her fragile body, and grabbed ahold of her shoulders, his

arms winding underneath her. His forearms pressed her tits into herself, while she attempted to steady her balance.

He had no more energy to waste on words, and hoped she wasn't one of those people who could ONLY come if you spoke dirty to them. All of his attention was going to giving her the best fuck she'd ever had. The leather jacket moved awkwardly between them, as he pumped furiously, filling her cunt with mountains of latex. She could hold back no longer, and moved her forearms down to the floor. Her ass was raised even more now, begging to be fucked. She screamed in delight, offering her very soul to Andy in that position of vulnerability.



jeans. It fell to the floor, while Andy ripped them open. She was as wet as Lake Michigan, as Andy stuck his finger up her cunt.

"Oh, please, please..." she cried.

"Close your eyes," he gently told her. Andy undid his own jeans, but stepped out of them to have an upper hand in terms of mobility. Carefully, he got out his strap-on dildo, and attached it accordingly. He loved the way it looked - shiny and pink and all. And he loved how it forced his real cock out of the way. He positioned his real cock downwards so that the dildo stood straight out.

She did. She looked down at her white skin, saw the marks of his hands where he had been grabbing. She saw her nipples standing straight out, saw the traces of his desire left on her body. She looked down further still, as Andy increased the tempo.

At first, she wasn't sure what she saw. Maybe it was a dildo he was fucking her with - one controlled by his hand. But then it dawned on her - he had a strap-on!

She looked at him and smiled. Her laughed, too. "Don't you like my cock?" he asked. "It's always ready when I need it."

Andy, for his part, was also about ready to explode. The faster and harder he fucked, the more the base of the dildo pressed itself against his own cock.

She cried out to him. "Oh, god, fuck..." The sentence remained incomplete.

She erupted violently, gasping for air. He came, too, the strap-on sliding out of her one final time. All his energy spent, he collapsed on top of her glorious body.

They laid together for a long time in silence. She spoke first. "I bet a femme in a black leather jacket could have a jolly time with that cock of yours."

"I bet," he replied. Unfastening the harness and handing her a condom and lube, he smiled at her. "Why don't we find out?"

THESE  
SEXY  
FAG  
HAGS  
ARE ALL  
HOT +  
EXCITED  
READING THIS  
PORN. TOO BAD  
FAGS - THEY'RE  
FUCK EACH  
OTHER, NOT  
YOU!



ONE  
SUNNY DAY  
IN L.A., ALL  
WAS NOT  
PEACHY - KEEN...

# 90210!!!



BRANDON  
I HATE L.A.  
I'M JUST A  
MINNESOTA  
GIRL - SIMPLE,  
WHOLESOME.  
BOO HOO, LIFE  
IS SO SAD!



GEE BREN,  
POOR YOU.  
BUT I LOVE  
L.A. - THE  
MEN ARE SO  
CUTE HERE,  
WHAT WITH  
THOSE PECTORAL  
IMPLANTS 'N ALL.  
WHY DON'T  
YOU CALL  
KELLY?!

GOOD IDEA.  
HELLO, KELLY?  
HI - IT'S  
BRENDA.  
WANNA DO  
SOMETHING  
TODAY? I MISS  
MINNESOTA +  
FEEL UGLY  
TO BOOT.  
POOR ME!!



YEAH, WITH  
THAT NOSE +  
THOSE FUCKED-UP  
EYES, I'D BE  
SAD TOO.  
WELL, DYLAN +  
I ARE GOING  
TO THE BEACH.  
I GUESS YOU  
CAN COME.



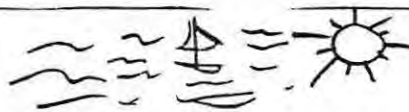
YOU  
WHAT? GOD  
KELLY, YOU'RE  
SUCH A JERK!  
CAN'T YOU  
UN-INVITE THAT  
BITCH? I DO  
HAVE A CAREER  
TO THINK ABOUT!



OH, IT'LL  
BE FUN, YOU  
TRANNIE-LOVING  
FAGGOT. YOU'LL  
SEE! JUST YOU  
WAIT TIL YOU  
FIND OUT THE  
SURPRISE I HAVE  
4 U...



# AT THE BEACH...



I HADN'T NOTICED. I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF THAT STUD-MUFFIN DYLAN.

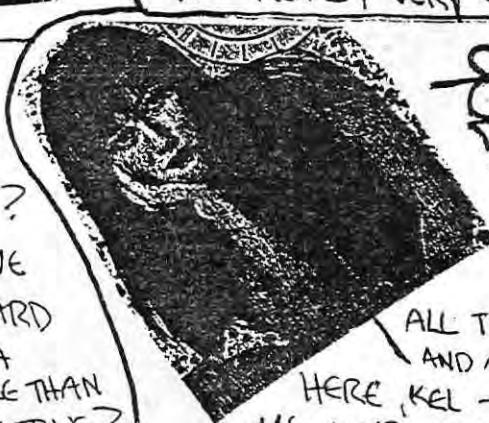
HEY, THIS IS FUN!  
LOOK AT ALL THE CUTE BOYS!



KEL, YOU'RE MAKING ME BLUSH. STOP. I'M REALLY VERY SENSITIVE.



SENSITIVE, EH?  
WELL, HOW SENSITIVE?  
WHICH PART OF YOU IS SENSITIVE, DYLAN?  
DOES YOUR SENSITIVE PART GET ALL HARD + MANLY? BRENDA WOULD KNOW MORE THAN I. SO BREN, IS IT TRUE? IS HE THAT SENSITIVE?!



90210

ALL THAT AND MORE!  
HERE, KEL - GIVE ME YOUR HAND. NOW LET'S APPLY A LITTLE PRESSURE HERE...



HA, HA, GIRLS. VERY FUNNY. OK, STOP NOW. NO, STOP - PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO LOOK. AND I'M GETTING ALL EXCITED!!!  
MMMMMM!!!



NOW WE'VE GOT HIM, KEL. OK - KEEP THAT PRESSURE GOING!  
THAT'S IT, HE LIKES THAT. NOW I'LL MOVE IN CLOSER...

## 90210 IS QUEER!!!



YOU LIKE THIS,  
DON'T YOU?  
PERVERT! OH,  
KELLY, DID YOU  
KNOW DYLAN IS  
REALLY INTO  
**TRANNNIES**? TALK  
DIRTY TO HIM + SEE!!



90210  
IS HOT!!

OH, YEAH!  
MMMM, THAT  
FEELS SO GOOD!  
KEEP THAT HAND  
MOVIN' KEL! COME  
HERE, BREN...



OH, OH, OH! PLEASE,  
MAY I COME?! OH,  
THIS BIKINI IS JUST  
TOO MUCH! PLEASE?!

TRANNNIES, EH?  
ALWAYS FULL OF SURPRISES,  
YOU ARE! TAKE OFF THOSE  
SPEEDOS, YOU SLUT. GOOD. NOW  
PUT ON THIS BIKINI. OH, I  
CAN SEE YOU'RE VERY  
EXCITED!!!



I'D SAY YOU'VE  
EARNED IT. NEXT  
TIME, WE'LL PUT  
YOU IN A HOT  
VELVET NUMBER  
WITH 5" SPIKES  
AND A BOW FOR  
YOUR HAIR.  
BRANDON WILL BEG  
TO FUCK YOUR BRASS OUT...

AND SO AS THE HOT  
L.A. SUN BEATS DOWN,  
DYLAN EXPLODES IN  
MULTIPLE ORGASMS!! (HE'S  
A TRANNNIE - IDENTIFIED.  
SENSITIVE MAN, HE CAN DO  
THAT, YOU KNOW...)

AND ALL THREE - DYLAN,  
BRENDA, + KELLY - BEGAN  
A FABULOUS TRIANGLE  
AFFAIR!!! ♡ ° ° ♡

FINAL COMMENTS:



MMM.  
I THINK  
I LIKE  
L.A.  
NOW!

THAT WAS FUN!  
STILL GOTTA GET  
BRANDON  
INVOLVED,  
THOUGH...



5" SPIKES!  
OH, GOD!  
TOO MUCH!



STAY TUNED FOR  
NEXT WEEK'S  
EPISODE, WHEN  
ANDREA COMES  
OUT AS A  
TRANSEXUAL!!!

(THIS EPISODE TO  
BE DIRECTED BY  
LUK PERRI).

SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA SFUUCKPUNKA

~~PICCANUNNADIFUCKPUNKASIFUCKPUNKASIFUCKPUNKASEFUCK~~

your mother seems to get most punks you know. I love it when punk more than

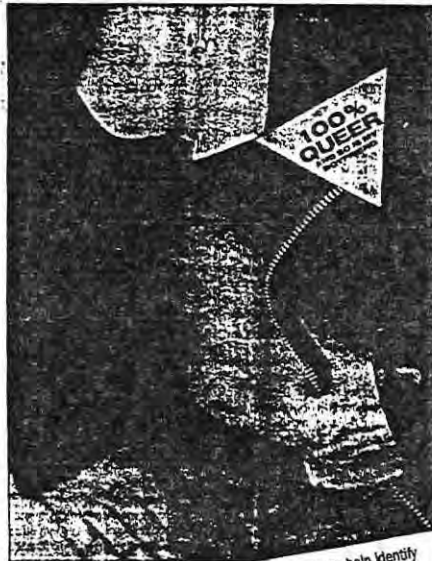


# DARK TRIANGLE

BY SONJA mills

## DEFINING DYKE: A SAFETY STANDARD

lesbians who sleep with men should not join the queer club



**E**ver notice those creepy guys who hang around dyke bars and dyke events? Not our lovely leg brothers or otherwise OK male friends, but those fucked-up guys who actually seem to think that, if they produce a large enough puddle of drool, they'll get some lesbian ass?

Guess what. Some of these men are getting fucked by lesbians — lesbians who sleep with men. Many of these lesbians (the ones I've talked to, anyway) adamantly call themselves dykes and feel no obligation to defend their right to sleep with men. Some even use a cute (read pathetic) acronym in an attempt to coolly explain away this phenomenon: DFBs (Dykes who Fuck Boys).

Lesbians who sleep with men, much like vegetarians who eat meat, define themselves by guidelines which I do not understand. According to the dictionary I've been using, a woman who sleeps primarily with and has loving relationships exclusively with men is heterosexual. Although a certain amount of same-sex attraction or the occasional sexual encounter with another woman indicates a bi-erotic predisposition, they do not a bisexual (and certainly not a lesbian) make.

I enjoy all aspects of my lesbian lifestyle, but I base my definition of myself as a dyke solely on my biologically inherent sexual preference. I know that many lesbians include conscious choice or socio-political beliefs in their definition. But either way, isn't who we sleep with rather a key element?

Just as the mass media appropriates queer culture, so pseudo-lesbians (DFBs, bi-curious women, wannabes and the ever-deadend ex-lesbians, "has-

**D**FBs Buttons help identify "Dykes who Fuck Boys." Photo by Krista Negenman.

bians") covet and pilfer many of the aspects of our beautiful lesbian community. Admittedly, those who are scammed by a hasbian or DFB are more inclined to feel personally offended, particularly when the man in question is a snivelling, zit-faced wiener pretending to be a feminist/bisexual in order to get laid by a dyke (the coolest!).

We've worked hard to build a safe lesbian community. We embrace labels like "lesbian," "dyke" and "queer" because we know who we are and sharing our lives with each other is safe, affirming and wonderful. Are my standards unreasonably high if I expect others to be as proud as I am? Queer, bisexual or straight — come out! I know it isn't always an easy process, but it's worth it. And it's only fair to the people around you.

Love and support of my community and lifestyle are appreciated and supporters are certainly invited to march, dance, play and party with us! But self-declared membership in a community that doesn't belong to you is irresponsible and can be hurtful. Taking something that doesn't belong to you is stealing, which means taking something away from someone else.

Do I need a new definition to re-clarify who I am in the world as a result of this theft? Should I start a support group for Lesbians Who Don't Sleep With Men? "Queer" isn't some sort of exclusive club, but for the purpose of validation and safety, some standards of definition should be recognized.

Take your openly lesbian and gay identities, fuck off, and die

A Community Service Announcement from your local whores.....

**TAKE** YOUR MONEY  
YOUR DICKS  
YOUR BOMBS & DISEASES  
GET ON YOUR SHIPS AND  
GO HOME!!



PROSTITUTES FOR PEACE

best example of right-wing citizenship there is.

'WELL, I think it's too absurd for words,' announced the new girl, looking about her defiantly, "the boys haven't all got infectious diseases have they?"

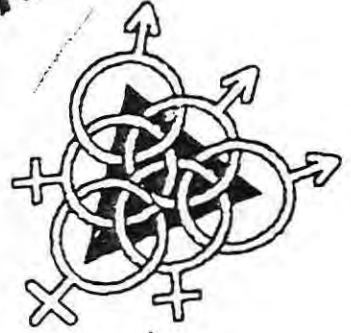


Fuck off  
Fuck off  
Fuck off

"The practice of bisexuality—having intimate partners of both sexes at the same time—is by definition promiscuous. Promiscuity is unacceptable now, and it always will be."

re bisexual  
they deserve  
ts 'support'™

# BISEXUALITY



Verdun later claims that bisexuality has much in common with overconsumption of alcohol. "Both are excessive types of behavior that need to be curbed, not supported."

you too are biphobic

"There are minorities that need help and there are minorities that should just shut up," he said. "It's an excuse for people who are too damn horny and don't want to behave responsibly."

f bisexual

Verd  
much  
alcoh  
that

definitely not something to be extolled or promoted."

"Bisexuality is

ASSUME  
NOTHING!

For  
att  
lesh

For the urgent  
attention of all  
lesbians and gay  
men

[illegible]

\* BISEXUALS  
 ARE... \*  
 QUEER  
 MARRIED \*  
 MONOGOMOUS  
 WOMEN  
 \* SINGLE \*  
 PROUD \*  
 DISABLED  
 NON-MONOGOMOUS  
 MEN  
 CELIBATE  
 ANGRY \*  
 S&M \*  
 BLACK  
 PROMISCUOUS  
 \* RADICAL \*  
 ANGRY  
 ABLE-BODIED  
 VANILLA  
 LESBIAN-  
 IDENTIFIED  
 WHITE \*  
 POLITICAL  
 TRANSVESTITES  
 BI-IDENTIFIED  
 PARENTS  
 TRANSEXUALS  
 GLAD  
 HERE \*

ARE'NT...  
 A COP OUT  
 STRAIGHT  
 UNDECIDED \*  
 FENCE SITTING  
 A PHASE  
 CONFUSED  
 \* 50-50 \*  
 'SWINGERS'  
 ASHAMED  
 AN A.I.D.S. RISK  
 INCOMPLETE  
 A FASHION \*  
 HETEROSEXUAL  
 DOING THINGS BY  
 HALVES  
 \* TRAITORS \*  
 'SELF-CONFESED'  
 CLOSET GAY  
 UNSAFE  
 HOMOPHOBIC \*  
 A PROBLEM  
 INVISIBLE  
 \* UNRELIABLE \*  
 GOING  
 AWAY

# BISEXUAL MOVEMENT

THIS LIST IS NOT  
CONCLUSIVE,  
TO BE CONTINUED...

## BISEXUALITY: OUR BASIC INSTINCT

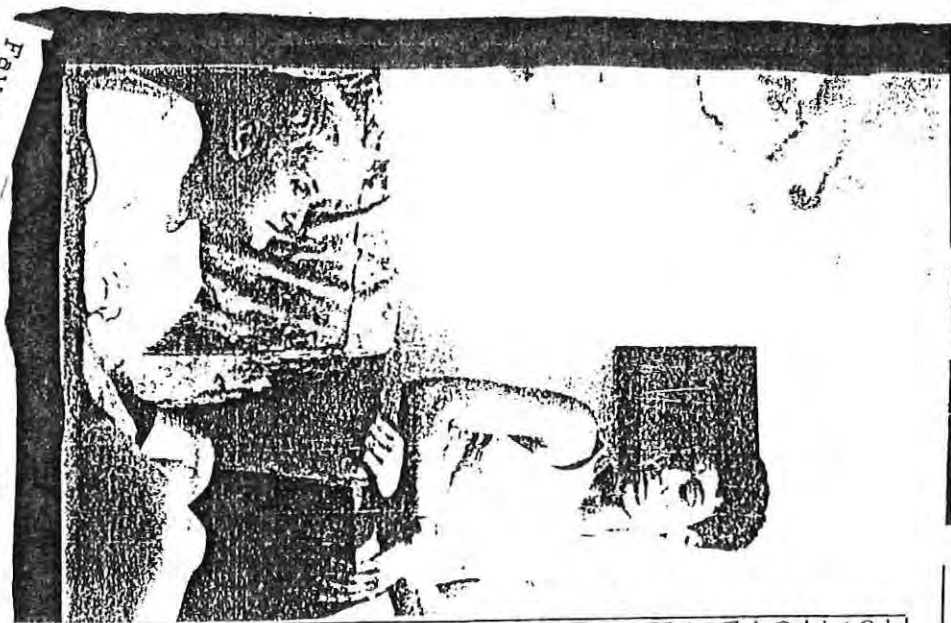
**YOU SAY:** You don't want us.  
**WE SAY:** What are you really afraid of?

**YOU SAY:** You don't want us.

# HOTHEAD

WHAT ARE YOU  
FUCKIN' LOOKIN' AT

Introduce self and zine: We're Giant Ass Publishing, Diane Dimassa, moody artist type; and Stacey Sheehan, makes-it-all happen-woman extraordinaire. Together we create "HOTHEAD PAISAN< HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST" the comic-zine, starring Hothead, one raging dyke, and her heart-stealing cat, "Chicken".



HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST

## PAISAN

When did you start doing the zine? We started publishing Hothead in Feb 1991!!!

Why did you start it? As a vent so I wouldn't do the things she does myself. Hothead is a little piece of a major chip on my shoulder. That's why, that's why, that's why.

Favourite:  
You



THE EXPERT  
GUERILLA  
DYKE  
is  
RESOURCEFUL

T-shirt. Outfit - bald, dirty, dyes

the truth is I tell people the cool answer, fluorescent sno-balls are OUT.

even when they band - suck I love answer 'em. that. I love zines in general. but a biker-dyke. LOVE HOTHEAD!!!

up!! I myself enjoy dressing up like a biker-dyke. LOVE HOTHEAD!!!



What response have you received? We have gotten heartwarming response from angry dykes all over the country and Canada, and very cool letters from guys, queer and straight who promise me that they never put their penis where it's not wanted. Some (well, one or two) have been offended by the violence, but in most cases we have been able to make them see the light. It's a total turn-on to us to reach people in such a personal way and that they take the time to write to us. People send us their own cartoons, key chains, fliers, stickers, all kinds of shit. We totally love everything. All we want is for people to let it out, express themselves. As queers we all need each others' voices.



For you, what makes an interesting zine/band/project? When something is REAL. What I mean by that is, when somebody lets you see who they really are, what they're feeling. Most people wear so much armor that they wouldn't know a feeling if it bit their face off. Lots of people, especially in bands, just take what they think the formula for a band (or whatever) is and copy it. Witness "metal" bands. UGH! Most of them suck. That's cuz they're nothing but unoriginal copycats. Diluted. Gimme your thoughts, fears, and hopes, that's real to me. Check out Robert Kirby's cartoons!

Describe a typical day in your life. If I'm not drawing, then I'm worrying about that I'm not drawing. Or else I'm at work fretting about that I have to waste time here every week and I worry about getting fluorescent light poisoning. Then I wonder for awhile about where I'm gonna move to. I read a lot, call Stacey on the phone, whine about \$. I either lift weights regularly or bitch that I don't, I leave my body 20 or 30 times a day, and I take a bath every night, and I spend a half-hour every morning thinking about how weird that dream was I had last night. I also stand in my closet a lot staring at my clothes.

Thoughts on breeders from hell? They are from Hell, they should go back to Hell.

Thoughts on clone fags? I just hate pretentious, self-righteous, judgemental, superficial assholes in all forms, and that includes gay.

Define "gender-fuck", "homocore", "queer". Gender-fuck is when you can't tell, queer means girls are the ones 4 me, I have no idea what Homocore means, but I like the sound of it.

Thoughts on strategies for change? HAR!! I think that anyone who commits a violation of another person should immediately spontaneously combust.

Plans for the future? Well, Giant Ass produces postcards and T-shirts, so write for a free catalogue, we are planning a Hothead anthology (a real book!) maybe in the spring. There is a short Hothead movie being edited. Mostly we plan not to stop. Stacey is the aspirations director, which means I'm probably leaving out some stuff she's got planned, because I wasn't listening again (OOPS!) we both plan to make a living off this stuff someday and get out of the fluorescent light jungle.

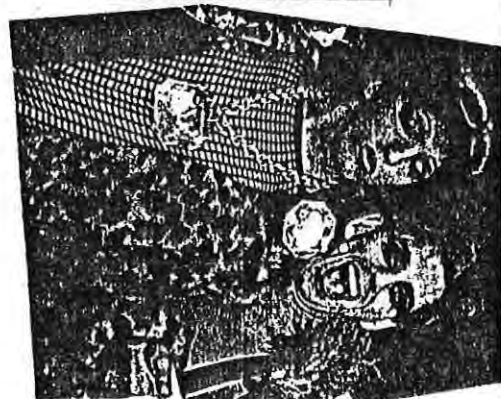
Write to us at Giant Ass Publishing, P.O. Box 214, New Haven, CT 06052. Subscriptions are \$10 (postal money orders please) 1 year, 4 issues. Or ask for our catalogue!!!

✓ THIS IS A PAGE FROM HOTHEAD #3. COOL, EH??!



# DRAG QUEENS RULE !!!

CLONE FAGS SUCK.



MMM... DARLING, YOU WERE SOMETHING LAST NIGHT...

DARLING, WHEN AM I GOING TO GET A COMMITMENT FROM YOU... YOU'RE SO FLAKY...

GOLLY - WOMEN'S DESSERT READY?

DARLING, HONEY... COULD WE TRADE SEATS? TONIGHT I'M FINALLY GOING TO ASK YOU TO GO OUT WITH ME...

SEDOMISTS... TRAVELS... CHARMERS... SUITS... LOW LIES... LATEX - MEMBERS... LEGS - SPEAKERS... BATH-BOND SHANKS...

THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1992

## Quayle blames L.A. riots on 'Murphy Brown' morals

Vice-president says marriage is probably the best anti-poverty program there is

DOUGLAS JENKINS LOS ANGELES TIMES

WASHINGTON — Vice President Dan Quayle yesterday blamed the Los Angeles riots on a breakdown of America's family values and accused prime-time television of contributing to moral decay by heroizing a character who bore a baby out of wedlock.

In a stern admonition on behalf of traditional morals, Quayle said that the "lawless social anarchy" that erupted in Los Angeles emerged from a broader breakdown that has fostered a "poverty of values."

He said that the plight of urban America has not been helped by the portrayal this week on TV's "Murphy Brown" of the title character "mocking the importance of fatherhood by bearing a child alone, and calling it just another 'lifestyle choice.'"

"Marriage is probably the best anti-poverty program there is," Quayle said in a speech before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.

His scolding contained tough law-and-order rhetoric that left little doubt that crime again will be a central theme of the Republican presidential campaign. But it was most notable for its call for a return to "moral values."

"Even though our cultural leaders in Hollywood, network TV, the national newspapers routinely tell us at such values," Quayle said, "I think most of us in this room know that some things are good, and other things are wrong."

Quayle has long served as a conservative voice within President George Bush's administration, and his speeches often serve to appeal to the Republican right wing. But in a reproving television character who for some women has become a cultural icon, he risked alienating voters important to the Bush-Quayle re-election campaign.

Ratings suggested that about 10 million U.S. households watched a Monday night episode of "Murphy Brown" in which the unmarried actress character bore a baby boy.

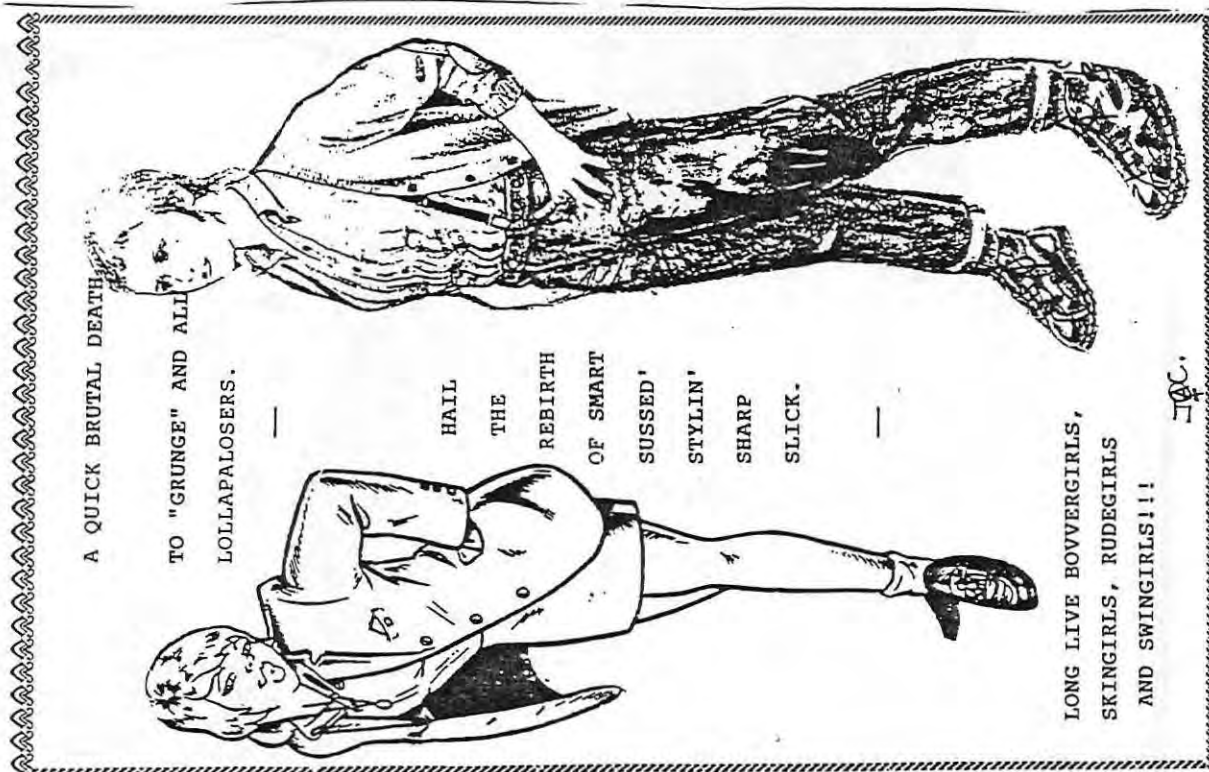
Quayle said she had no comment on the Democratic Party's choice of a presidential candidate, but he said the party has chosen to ignore the results in favor of deluging voters with a "Marxist" campaign.



Dan Quayle

IMPROVE IT





A QUICK BRUTAL DEATH

TO "GRUNGE" AND ALL  
LOLLAPALOSERS.

HAIL  
THE  
REBIRTH  
OF SMART  
SUSSED'  
STYLIN'  
SHARP  
SLICK.

LONG LIVE BOVVERGIRLS,  
SKINGIRLS, RUDEGIRLS  
AND SWINGIRLS!!!

JOC.



**BELIEVE THE HYPE**  
**VAGINAL DAVIS**

outspoken Blacktress

Vaginal Davis is a  
one-woman assault squad  
hell-bent on single-handedly  
destroying white Amerikkka  
And that includes gay white  
Amerikkka too, you pale-faced  
know-it-all moustachioed clones

she's every lilly white punque

photo by rick cauro

New  
planet-approved

**Birth  
Control**

Strategy:

Permanent sound-  
proof Dental Dam for  
the Pope...



GT  
C.P. 423,  
Succursale C  
Montréal,  
Québec  
H2L 4K3  
CANADA

# BURGLARS IN DRAG

## DRESSED TO STEAL

*A shadowy gang of 100 transvestites has been terrorizing Florida's upscale boutiques*

BY ERIC MORGENTHAU  
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL  
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

It seemed to be a routine traffic violation — a car going the wrong way on a one-way street — until the cops discovered that one of the guys in the car had two rhinestone tiaras in his purse.

The tiaras turned out to be hot. The guy with the purse turned out to be Rodney Lowery, who police say is part of a shadowy band of transvestite burglars who knock over boutiques like they were bowling pins. Mr. Lowery also goes by the name Dior. When police stopped him, he was wearing short shorts, a wig of flyaway brown curls, and a black feather boa slung around his neck.

Mr. Lowery showed up for his "arra-theft" trial in state court here in mid-1990 wearing a flowing green crepe-de-Chine pantsuit, by Naturally Yours of Hawaii. Police Detective Michael Roggin thought he recognized the outfit. Sure enough, it had been grabbed in a boutique heist he had investigated the night before. Mr. Lowery got 4½ years for the tiara theft, with some of the time also counting for purloining the pantsuit.

Even by the palm standards of Florida — where the everyday crime scene includes drug lords and arms smugglers — there is something

special about a big-time burglary ring manned by female impersonators. For several years now, such a group — involving more than 100 transvestites, police say — has been preying on upscale women's shops in dozens of Florida towns. The gang members steal pricey gowns and dresses for their own use, as well as for fencing. They seem partial to beading and sequins, and, says Pepper Cain, whose Pepper's Bridal Boutique in Boynton Beach was hit three times last year, "They know labels."

Sometimes they dress as women for the heists, sometimes as men, and sometimes as a bit of both — wearing makeup and perhaps wigs. They are very adept burglars. "I would estimate that their take throughout Florida is in the millions and millions of dollars," says Det. Roggin, who says he has apprehended "40 or more" ring members in his three or four years on the case, without putting any noticeable crimp in their operations. He adds that last year in West Palm Beach — a focal point for the thieves — he linked "at least 25" break-ins to the gang or gangs, with a haul of

about \$400,000. "It's very serious," he says.

Merchants use stronger language. "It's horrible," says a woman whose boutique in Boca Raton was hit six times in eight months.

"You just don't know what to do." After she installed a metal anti-burglary grate inside the front window last spring, gang members drove a car through the glass in an attempt to break the bars. They failed, and they have since left her alone.

Carole Chase last year closed her three Global Treasures boutiques in Florida after her insurance company dropped her following eight break-ins during what she calls "a year of torture and hell." She says during the first burglary, a \$51,000 heist in April 1990, the fleeing thieves dropped a jeweled pink gown. Two days later, they struck again, taking another \$22,000 worth — "and they hand-picked that same jeweled gown out

of a rack," she says. "They wanted that dress."

The ring's signature break-in is a lightning-fast "smash-and-grab" burglary, involving perhaps four or five people, during the early-morning hours. The thieves typically throw a cinder block through a shop's front window, dash in and scoop up clothes, throw them into the trunk of their car — which usually is newly stolen — and speed off. "The crime takes no more than a minute or two," says Guy Di Benedetto, a police detective in Boca Raton.

The crime takes no more than a minute or two, says Guy Di Benedetto, a police detective in Boca Raton. "By the time the alarm goes off and the police respond, they're gone."

"It's very frustrating," says Police Sgt. Robert Smith, who heads Fort Lauderdale's burglary squad and links the transvestites to nearly \$1-million of stolen merchandise in the last year or so. It does, however, make work interesting.

Detectives believe the thieves re-

cruit new members — and wear, sell and trade stolen outfits — at transvestite beauty pageants. Thus, last May, six law-enforcement professionals — from three cities and four agencies, including the state attorney's office — hauled out to the little town of Pahokee, in the Everglades, to attend a show. They didn't make any arrests, but they videotaped, photographed and took notes of the proceedings. "The host, or hostess, of the event — he was a male, but in drag — spoke openly about police being in the audience," says Det. Di Benedetto. "He made the comment that not all their clothes were stolen. Then he looked down at the gown he was wearing and said, 'Well, maybe they are.'" (Det. Di Benedetto says the law-breaking few shouldn't give a bad name to the law-abiding many. "These are criminals who just happen to be transvestites.")

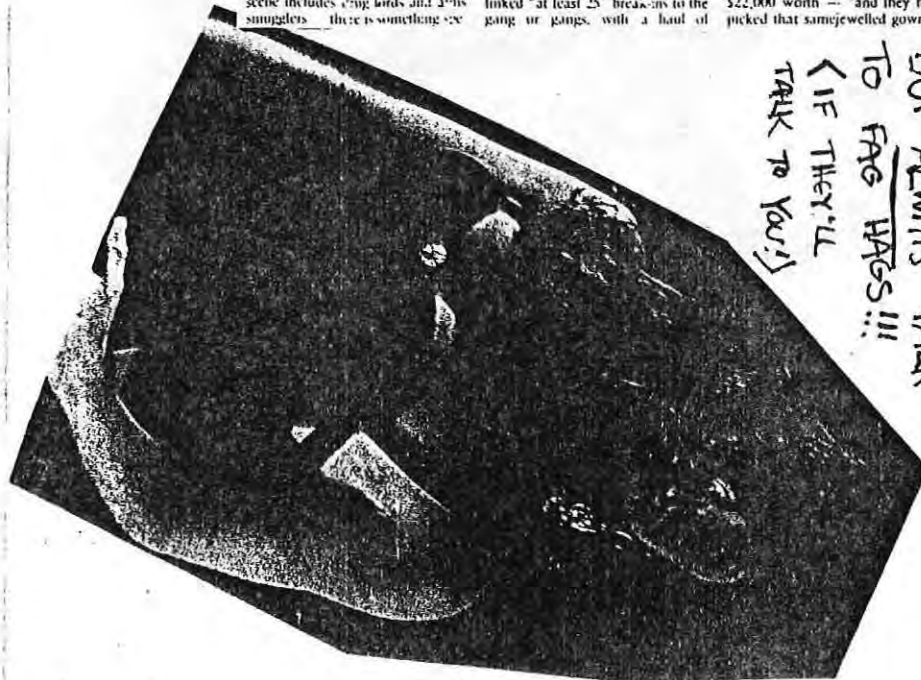
Police say they have identified scores of ring members, but seldom have enough evidence to bring successful cases against them. Even with evidence, the cases are often settled with plea bargains and light sentences. Police say some of the

transvestites are street prostitutes. Almost all use aliases.

"This is a guy they call Large Marge," says Det. Roggin, pointing to one of perhaps 100 mug shots in a thick black notebook of suspected ring-members. Marge is dressed as a man in this photo. The notebook says he is 6 foot 2 (188 cm) and weighs 250 pounds (113 kg). Det. Roggin flips to another mug shot, of a slender young person with teased hair and careful makeup. "They call him Farrah," he says.

There is much that the authorities don't know about the boutique burglars. They are not even sure whether they are dealing with one ring or several. They have had scant success in getting informants. "They're a pretty tight group," says Boynton Beach Police Detective Paul Valerio. And police don't seem keen to go undercover themselves.

Crooked transvestites aren't unique to Florida. "I've had calls from Missouri" about similar crimes, says Det. Roggin. But it may be a comment on the times that a large bunch of men who dress as women can run a criminal enterprise that is elusive. "If this were 20 years ago, they'd stand out like a sore thumb," says Fort Lauderdale's Sgt. Smith. "But in today's society ... it's become second nature to see all sorts of people out walking around."



NEVER TALK TO COPS,  
BUT ALWAYS TALK  
TO FAG HAGS!!!  
< IF THEY'LL  
TALK TO YOU! >







"Man, that's a juicy rump," Bull said, smacking his lips in anticipation. Bull slid his shorts down and soaped up his ready, meaty organ, which was long, but narrow, and slipped it quickly between the feathery black hairs surrounding Raol's anus all the way into Raol's shaking buttocks; Raol kicked and screamed, but as he realized that nobody could hear him, he began to cry from humiliation and pain. As he cried, he began to beg the men to stop, but to no avail. Soon Bull humped his way to fulfillment inside Raol's body, and withdrew his dripping rod.

"Hell my prick's got blood on it, this 'Spik' doesn't know how to relax and enjoy it!," Bull mused.

"Grab hold of this punk, Bull, it's my turn," Stoker ordered.

Bull held Raol in the cramped, bent-over position, and Stoker warned the pleading Raol, "Listen 'Mex,' if you know what's good for you, you'll take it easy. My dick's a lot bigger around than Bull's, and when I get to pumping, I don't let up."

"Let go of me, please, Stoker. I'll suck yours off, but don't ram me with your rod. I can't take any more," Raol cried out, no longer ashamed to offer to suck the man, if it would keep Stoker away from his now intensely burning rear end.

IF I HAVE TO LISTEN TO ONE  
MORE FAG GO ON ABOUT HOW FAG-  
U - LOUS!! RUPAL IS I'M GOING TO  
THROW UP RIGHT ON THIS VERY PAGE.  
TIRED, GIRL - YOU'RE TIRED! GLAMOUR  
DRAG IS PASSE, LONG LIVE THE  
DEGASSE! DEANUSKA PEK + MADO  
LA MOTE ARE MUCH MORE FUN THAN  
YOU RUPAL - AND THEY DRESS BETTER 2

0/2 542

**BETTER  
YOU  
WORK,  
Bitch**



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JUST TO FREEZE 'EM OUT!



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AS "SPILLS"

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LEADING 'EM WITH TALKING,  
TORTURE, AND CHEAP  
TITILLATION!



ANITA SMITH  
AS "THRILLS"

SHE WAS GONNA GET IT...  
MORE THAN SHE COULD  
HANDLE!



AND  
BEVERLY  
BRECKENRIDGE  
AS "THE PRIZE"



WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY G.B. JONES

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'FRET BOY'

HEAR THE  
HIT TREME  
SONG 'YO-YO'  
DONE BY  
FIFTH COLUMN

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1250

## WILL "FRUITS" TAKE OVER...

S  
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?

BY

THE

YEAR



P.O. BOX 55 STN E TOR. ONT. CANADA M6H 4E1



I was desperately waiting for my holiday, needed some time to get away, celebrate 'uh-huh uh-huh', back in my favorite sleaze park where I could be sure to satisfy that constant craving. There must have been an army base in the area- all I could see were well defined muscles, crew-cuts, and the traditional uniform- combat boots, hot pants and plaid shirts (cut off at the shoulder to show off those hot biceps.) It was obviously time to move on. Starlite, starbrite, where's my lucky star today? I had decided to move on to a local Saloon where I'd be sure to find good old-fashioned raunch, when I saw HIM. Or was it her? It was hard to tell with all those chef d'ouvres in uniform parading around posing for her approval. She was definitely hot, a lady with an attitude- and I was a fella in the mood. I decided to subtly cruise her (stare at her longingly, licking my lips, until she acknowledged me.) She gave me fever. I needed to get closer, so I swam through the sea of plaid until we were hip to hip. She was an angel, with great tits, and a



Without saying a word, she grabbed me and led me  
fourteen carat gold smile. I asked her if she had a place or a  
away from the dudes, and into an alley. She ripped open her shirt.  
So, naturally I began to pinch and chew her nipples until they grew  
beautifully erect. She got so excited from her tit-job she threw me against  
the wall and moaned "let's just fuck, faggot." The thought of fucking a hot,  
slippery pussy once again almost took me there, just like a prayer, so I  
eagerly threw off my shorts, revealing my 8 inch love rod. "You want to lick  
those balls, don't you?" I teased as she slowly lowered her skirt. She  
jumped behind me, pushed me down to my knees, "No, I'm going to fuck you with  
my cock instead. You like being fucked by a chick with a dick don't you?" She  
shoved herself inside my ass. "But I'm not even wet yet," I pleaded. "You  
will be in a moment, faggot" she moaned. Then she screamed, "Oh, yeah!  
Deeper and deeper - take it, you little shit!" She came violently, pulled her  
cock out, shoved me to the ground, and threw her used condom at me.  
"Lick your own balls." It was all she said as she strutted out of the  
alley, leaving me jacking off...

John Billings